

GRAMMAR
SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS
CAMBRIDGE



MAGAZINE
1966



The Winning Entry in the Photographic Competition, by Mary Hopcroft.

EDITORIAL

The School Magazine has two functions : it must reflect the school-life and it must be valuable for its own merit. Neither of these properties can be dispensed with, but it is the Editor's task to decide which should be emphasized and which should take second place.

The most satisfactory solution, of course, would be two magazines. However, we consider we have reached a satisfactory compromise by giving a fair but concise representation of all the elements which are an essential part of the school life but which make very tedious reading matter, and at the same time enabling ourselves to include more original material.

"All is changed ; changed utterly
A terrible beauty is born".

We think it is a change for the better and we can now only hope that you agree.

Kathryn Lyall.
Susan Crawley.
Isobel Fakes.
Lynne Garrad.
Brenda Thomas.

SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1965-'66

July

- 9-16 Field Course at Aberystwyth, L. VI.
- 21 P.T.A. — Upper Sixth to John Lewis's and Kew.

August

- 17 Visit to Rome by winners of Rotary Club Essay Competition — Christine Doggett and Julia Thornely.

September

- 7 Autumn Term began. School bell broke down.
- 8 British Association Lecture — "The Measurement of Intelligence".
- 10 School Exchange party from Heidelberg returned to Germany.
- 20 Auditions began for Christmas production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream".
- 21 Upper VI moved into new block.
- 22 Upper VI Biologists went to Flatford Mill on a field course.
- 28 Canon Butler was speaker at Senior Christian Union.
- 29 First meeting of 2nd Years' Table Tennis Club.

October

- 6 VI form lecture on Voluntary Service Overseas.
- 10 2nd and 3rd Years' Youth Hostelling expedition to Arundel with Miss Shearcroft.
- 11 Sixth Form Conference at the Boys' Grammar School. The speaker — Sir Victor Gollancz.
- 12 Rehearsals for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" began.
- 13 A representative from the Gideon Society presented Bibles to the 1st years.
- 16 3rd year trip to Wembley to see the netball. England won both games.
- 19 School clocks stopped at 10.08 a.m.
- 26 1st years' Hallowe'en party given by Upper VI.
- 27 Upper VI's took a vote on whether to move out of unheated new block. Those voting for capitulation gained majority.
- 28 Scripture Union soundstrip, at the Senior Meeting of Christian Union, entitled: "If the hat fits". Half term began. National Swimming Championships were held in Cambridge — the school used as headquarters.

November

- 4 3rd years' outing to see "Coppelia" at The Arts.
- 8 Speech Day. Speaker: Mr. Burrows.
- 19 3 L performed the Latin play, "Romulus and Remus".
- 22 2nd years to Orchestral Concert in Guildhall.
- 23 Mr. R. Crossthwaite spoke at Senior Christian Union on the Mayflower Settlement.

December

- 1 Council of Christians and Jews.
- 9 Christmas Juke Box Jury was held at Junior Christian Union.
- 15 Carol Service at King's for the leavers.
- 16-18 Performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream".
- 16-19 Performances at the Boys' School of "The Government Inspector".
- 21 Carol Service at the Wesleyan Church.

January

- 12 VIth Form lecture from Mrs. M. J. Shaw, School Governor.

February

- 15 Senior Christian Union filmstrip. entitled: "What is a Missionary?"

- 17 Susan Hancock and Vivien Collins of the Upper VI 'A' Level German group had tea at Guildhall with the Mayor and a party of German students from Heidelberg.

March

- 3 Brenda Thomas and Maureen Theobald, also doing 'A' Level German, had tea with the Mayor and German students from Heidelberg, at the Guildhall.
- 15 Speaker at Senior Christian Union — Reverend J. Gwyn-Thomas.
- 16 Dr. Broadbent gave the VI form lecture on "Man and Machines".
- 17-19 The performances of "H.M.S. Pinafore" at A.D.C. Theatre.
- 14-18 National Library Week. 1st and 3rd forms to lectures in Guildhall. L.VI to Wren Library, Trinity College.
- 31 1Vth and Vth Form girls to Heidelberg.

April

- 4 2nd Year group to Holland.

May

- 2 Youth Orchestra — Concert in Guildhall — attended by 3rd Forms.
- 10 L. VI to Fulbourn Hospital.
- 11 L. VI to see film — "Les Femmes Savantes" in London.
- 16, 18, 20 Inter Schools' Athletics Sports.
- 20 Parents' Bring and Buy Sale.

June

- 8 'O' and 'A' Level Examinations begin.
- 27 School Examinations begin.
- 29 Dr. Barnardo's Centenary Fair.

July

- 13 L. VI Geographers to Juniper Hall.

SPEECH DAY, MONDAY, 8th NOVEMBER, 1965.

FIRST FORMS.

Form Prizes : 1D Susanna van Schalkwyk ; 1P Alison Foote ;
1W Janet Francis, Katherine Ellery.

SECOND FORMS.

Form Prizes : 2L Abigail Crane, Vanessa Armstrong ; 2B Jennifer Hudson ; 2C Rachel Clark.

Progress Prize : 2C Wendy Manning.

THIRD FORMS.

Form Prizes : 3L Jean Blades ; 3G Jennifer Hooton ; 3A Virginia Careless.

Progress Prize : 3A Josephine Jackson.

FOURTH FORMS.

Form Prizes : 4L Joan Adams, Jane Skinner ; 4G Margaret Acres, Alison Ivy ; 4A Eileen Knapman, Susan Batcheler.

Progress Prize : 4L Diane Ellington.

FIFTH FORMS.

Prize for P.E. : Christine Paine.

FIFTH FORMS.

Prizes for 'O' Level Results of a High General Standard :

Pamela Blades, Pauline Booth (Grade 1, French), Pamela Fuller (Grade 1, Geography, Latin & French), Judith Gausden, Glenys Grant, Lynn Hooper (Grade 1, Geography), Verity Howell, Ann Lingham, Caroline Lovett, Jennifer Maiden, Elaine Nightingale, Marilyn Pearce (Grade 1, English Literature and Geography), Peta Souter (Grade 1, Geography), Angela Thorne (Grade 1, Geography), Susan Young.

SIXTH FORMS.

Subject Prizes : Lower VI.

Vivien Collins, French ; Christine Hales, Mathematics ; Linda Saunders, History ; Elspeth Scott, Mathematics ; Christine Stocks, French.

Miss Pauley's Prize for English : Upper VI.

Margery Thomson.

Prizes for 'A' Level Results of a High General Standard :

Christine Bainbridge, Jane Boyes (English, Grade A), Jennifer Broomfield, Joan Gillingham, Rosemary Haynes (English, Grade A), Elaine Jenkins (Chemistry, Grade A ; Biology, Grade A and Special Paper, Grade 1), Patricia Kester, Barbara Matthews (English, Grade A), Bernice Pound, Angela Sargent, Margery Thomson (English, Special Paper Grade 1 and Geography, Grade A).

Prize given by the Old Girls' Association for service to the School : Rosemary Jenkins.

Head Girl's Prize given by the Parents' Association : Joan Gillingham.

House Cups :

Hockey, Murray ; Netball, Gray ; Tennis, Murray.

Programme of Music :

Senior Choir, Junior Choir and members of the Fifth Forms,
Neue Liebeslieder—Walzer, Johannes Brahms ; Accompanists,
Sylvia Schulman and Jill Narraway (Lower VI).

HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT

The School Calendar supplies one with a list of the main events of the year, and the magazine shows something of the original work done in the school. It is a pity that it cannot show the second year athletics team, Helen Parker's award winning entry for European Schools Day, or play a recording of the Junior Choir singing at the Festival of Queens.

Some sad memories must be sad ones. Miss Morley's death just before Easter shocked the Old Girls, indeed all those of us who came into contact with her vital personality. But her personal interest in each girl, and her artistic talent and inspiration will long be gratefully remembered.

For those who are leaving school, I hope there will be some happy memory of their schooldays which they take out into the world, as we shall remember them from time to time in the years to come. We are grateful too for the contribution to school life made by those members of staff who are leaving at end of term. It will be a long time before we forget the humour and delightful spontaneity of Mrs. Law's dramatic productions..

I hope that each girl, even if she cannot find it recorded in the school magazine, may have in her mind a picture that will represent to her the past year. For the first year it may well be the first view of the school from Parkside, for the fifth former a particular piece of work well done, for a member of the Upper Sixth the recollection of a college interview. And this magazine may remind her of some other things she has forgotten.

Sheila M. Leech.

NEW STAFF — SEPT. 1965

Mrs. Low, Mrs. Sutcliffe, Miss J. Evans, Mrs. A. Richards,
Mrs. Parker, Mademoiselle Giacolette.

STAFF WHO ARE LEAVING—JULY, 1966.

Mrs. Low, Mrs. Law, Miss Schofield, Miss J. Evans, Mrs. A. Richards, Mademoiselle Giacolette.

THE SCHOOL CHARITY REPORT, 1965/66

	£	s.	d.
2nd Year "Sunny Smiles", National Children's Home	26	5	3
<i>Individual Form Efforts.</i>			
1C, Freedom from Hunger, weekly collection	...	16	14 9
1D, Dr. Barnardo's, sales and weekly collections	...	7	5 0
1P, Blind Old People, weekly collections	...	3	15 0*
2L, N.S.P.C.C., weekly collections	...	8	15 3*
2T, 'Peanut Club', White Elephant Stall, w'kly collection	12	0	0
2W, Pestalozzi Children's Homes, weekly collections	...	5	5 0*
3F, O.X.F.A.M., Food Sale and sale of Felt Mice	...	6	0 0
3L, Mentally Handicapped Children, Dance and Food Stall	...	7	0 3
3S, Cancer Research			*
4A, Local Children's Home, weekly collection	...	3	1 6*
4G, Mentally Handicapped Children, Form collections	10	0	0*
4L, Mentally Handicapped Children	...	12	7 0
5A, Multiple Sclerosis, Form collections	...	9	5 0
5G, Cancer Research, weekly collections	...	6	16 10*
5L, Cancer Research, Bank Account Scheme	...	15	15 0
I VI, H., Papworth Hospital Cardiac Unit, Food Stall	15	10	6
I VI, R., O.X.F.A.M., Form collections, covering books	7	15	0*
U VI, T., O.X.F.A.M., collections and coffee bar	...	10	0 0
U VI, S., Cancer Research	...	11	0 0

*At time of printing these Forms had not held their Charity Day.
Dr. Barnardo's Fund —

£10-13-7 raised by the Carol Service.

£90-0-0 raised by the Boxes.

£73-3-10 raised by the Easter Cards.

"POINT FIVE"

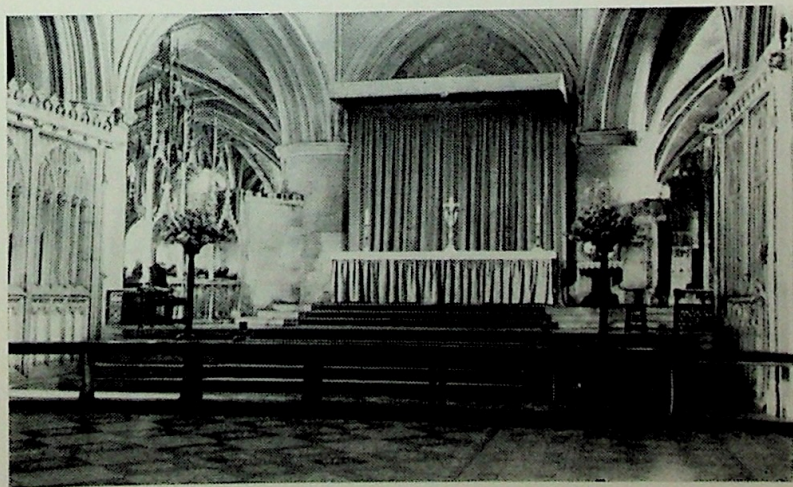
Last summer Kathryn Lyall, Vivien Collins and I went to "Point Five" — an international discussion week for young people arranged by Oxfam. It was held in Stowe School, a former stately home. Parts of the school are really beautiful, but we found ourselves in a back dormitory whose main features were naked lights, hard beds, a bare floor, and a rat hole; the adjoining bathrrom was renowned for its draughts and communal atmosphere! You could get up or go to bed when you liked, and there was nothing to prevent your missing all the talks and discussions and playing tennis instead — or doing anything else you wanted to. There were informal discussions and folk-singing going on practically all



Second in the Photographic
Competition.

Taken in Holland during
the Y.H.A. expedition

Elizabeth Segrave, II, W.



"Tewkesbury Abbey", Hilda Thompson, Lower VI, H.



Photographs of pottery done by the 'O' & 'A' level classes.

the time. The discussions and talks were on various subjects concerned with world problems and their possible remedies. A few of the things we talked about were education, disarmament, the United Nations, civil disobedience, systems of government, human rights, and youth clubs. There were many, many more. Nobody consciously tried to teach us anything, and nobody made pointless condemnation of the modern world — the emphasis was on constructive, practical ideas — things people can do now. Not only that, it was fun. Kathryn and I want to go again this year — to Sibford School this time — but demand is so great that we may not be able to.

Christine Stocks, U. VI.

HIGHER GRADE, CENTRAL & GRAMMAR SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

The Old Girls met in the School Hall during the past year for two coffee evenings, and the Annual Meeting last October. A very successful Annual Dinner was held again in March at Owen Webb House, where we were pleased to welcome Miss Leech and the Head Girl as our guests. After dinner, Miss Audrey Told, a member of the Old Girls' Association, gave a very interesting talk on her work as a Family Welfare Officer in the Greater London area.

It is with great regret we have to report the death of our President, Miss G. Morley, who was such a well loved teacher and friend to hundreds of girls who passed through the school during the many years she was there. Since her retirement she had devoted her time to the Old Girls' Association and will be sadly missed by all the members.

We hope to expand our activities in the future with a view to attracting some new and young members. Our first new venture will be a Cheese and Wine Party in July and it is hoped that some outings, such as a theatre party and a visit to the Dutch Bulb Fields, may be arranged for those who are interested.

When one leaves school it is often with a feeling of relief rather than regret and with so many new interests in front of one the idea of joining the Old Girls' Association is not an appealing one. However, after a period of time one does get a feeling of nostalgia for old school friends and the Old Girls' Association makes it possible to maintain a link with the school and pick up old friendships. When you have all left school and are happily embarked on your new careers please do remember that as soon as you begin to feel nostalgic we shall be delighted to welcome you.

Mrs. Phillips.

HOUSE MATCHES

House Captains.

Blair : Y. Pettitt, Vice-Capt., C. Doggett.
Gray : S. Abbiss, Vice-Capt., G. Hibbert.
Murray : B. Thatcher, Vice-Capt., V. Collins.
Rose : L. St. John, Vice-Capt., A. Rostas.
Senior Hockey House Match won by Murray.
Senior Netball House Match won by Rose.
Junior Netball House Match won by Blair.
Tennis House Cup won by Murray.

NETBALL.

1st Team : G.K., L. St. John ; * G.D., D. Hopkins ; W.D., Y. Pettitt, J. Skelley ; C. S. Abbiss* (Capt.) ; W.A., P. Farmer ; G.A., B. Thatcher* ; G.S., V. Collins.

* Holders of School Netball Colours.

The 1st team won two of their matches and lost six. They lost the 'Coronation Cup' to the Athletic Club, gaining second position in their section.

S. Abbiss, L. St. John and B. Thatcher were selected to play for the County Schoolgirls' team.

Junior and Intermediate Teams :

Both these teams had a most successful season, winning all their League matches. Both teams won the trophy for their respective sections.



SENIOR ATHLETICS

Group IV (under 17).

High Jump : C. Paine, 4th.

Long Jump : B. Loker 2nd, M. Phillips 3rd.

100 yds.: K. Yarrow 2nd.

150 yds.: M. Phillips 4th.

880 yds.: G. King 1st, S. Laver 3rd.

80 yds. Hurdles : B. Loker 2nd.

Relay : 4th.

The Senior team lost the Senior Athletics Shield for the first time since it was introduced. They gained 2nd position.

JUNIOR ATHLETICS, 1965

Group I (under 13).

High Jump : G. Rogers 1st.

Long Jump : M. Brown 1st.

100 yds.: G. Rogers 1st.

Relay 1st.

Group II (under 14).

High Jump : R. Saunders 4th.

Long Jump : B. Martin 2nd.

70 yds. Hurdles : R. Saunders 3rd.

Relay 3rd.

Discus : C. Jaques 1st.

Group III (under 15).

High Jump : W. Clarke 4th.

Long Jump : D. Redfarn 3rd.

100 yds.: D. Redfarn 1st.

70 yds. Hurdles : J. Hooton 4th.

Relay : 1st.

150 yds.: L. Henderson 1st, J. Riley 3rd.

Groups I, II and III, the Junior Section, regained the Junior Athletics Shield, with a total of 50 points.

SWIMMING, 1965

First Years : Breaststroke, J. Barton 2nd ; Backstroke, A. Elsdon 1st ; Freestyle, B. Martin 1st.

Second Years : Breaststroke, R. Saunders 2nd ; Backstroke, T. O'Connell 2nd ; Freestyle, T. O'Connell 2nd.

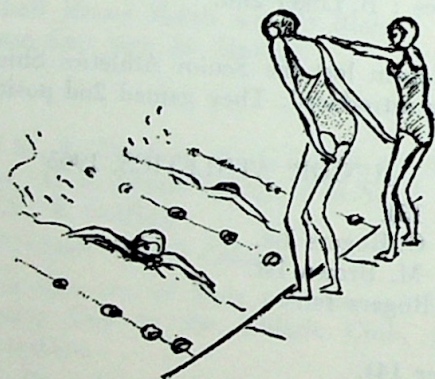
Third Years : Breaststroke, J. Riley 1st ; Backstroke, J. Hooton 3rd ; Freestyle, J. Blades 2nd.

Fourth Years : Breaststroke, E. Short 2nd; Backstroke, S. Squires 3rd; Freestyle, S. Squires 2nd.

Diving : A. Elsdon 4th.

Medley Relay : 3rd.

Total gained by the Grammar : $39\frac{1}{2}$ points. Manor School coming a close second with 37 points. This meant that the Grammar School retained the Swimming Shield for the third consecutive year.



HOCKEY, 1965-6

Senior Hockey XI : G.K., D. McDougall ; L.B., G. Hibbert (Captain); R.B., Julia Thornely; L.H., J. Beckett; R.H., J. Skelly/S. Batcheler; C.B., B. Thatcher; C.F., S. Abbiss; R.I., P. Farmer; L.I., Y. Pettitt; R.W., P. Smith/A. Winter; L.W., C. Paine.

Because of bad weather during the season many matches were cancelled, but the enthusiasm of the teams was not dampened, especially that of the Junior XI whose play definitely reflected this.



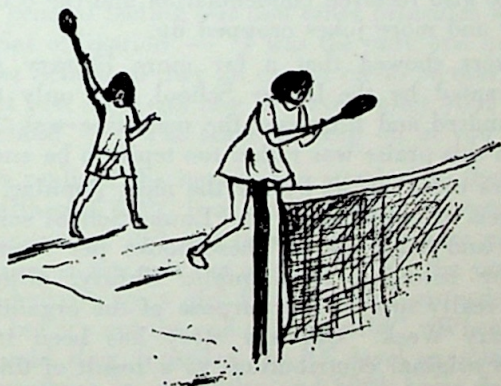
TENNIS, 1965

B. Thatcher (Capt.), S. Abbiss (1st couple); V. Collins, M. Jones (2nd couple); B. Loker, J. Stone (3rd couple).

The 1966 season was fairly successful, although there were only a few fixtures.

The School Tennis Cup was won for Murray House by Beverly Thatcher.

Beverly Thatcher, U. VI.



REPORT OF THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Parents' Association during the past year have been varied in nature. On the 19th July Miss Pauley's retirement from the school was marked by a Cheese and Wine party and during the evening a presentation was made to her from the Association.

On July 21st the Association provided a coach outing for girls from the Upper VIth to visit the John Lewis Partnership, and this was followed by a boat trip to Kew.

The Christmas Party last year was held on 20th December at the School; during the evening there were games, competitions and dancing, and everyone had a most enjoyable evening.

The Parents' Association has provided curtains for the new VIth Form rooms and for the Canteen, also a table-tennis table with bats and balls, for use in the lunch hour. A battery tape recorder and recording tape have also been provided for School use.

E. S. Agger.

THE LIBRARY QUESTIONNAIRE

Because of steady, and often all too justifiable, adverse criticism of the School Magazine, the Lower School was asked, in this questionnaire, about what most interests second and third formers and what form they would like the magazine to take. Their answers were enlightening and often hilarious.

Almost uniform was the request for less lengthy accounts of the year's past sporting events and for this reason they are to be all amalgamated in a single commentary. The accounts of Youth Hostelling trips also received condemnation and the occasional plea for less poetry and more jokes cropped up.

The answers showed that a far more literary and original magazine is wanted by the Lower School, and only three people out of one hundred and fifty said the magazine was "All right as it is" and even this praise was rather too tepid to be encouraging !

Spy stories came out as by far the most popular, followed by animal and then school stories. The Lower School said it imbibed between none and thirty-one of these books per month and most girls said they belonged to a public library, although no-one seemed to be really sure of the purpose of the organization of the National Library Week. One spy story has been included with the magazine's original contributions as a result of this stated preference.

The newspaper articles which most interested the third and fourth formers appeared to be the local deaths and accidents, closely followed by fashion articles and with "Situations Vacant" taking third place.

Encouraged by the impression which the Questionnaire gave us, we proceeded with the idea of shifting the emphasis of this magazine, although we could not comply with all demands — for cartoons, jokes, gossip and scandal ! and although we realise this magazine still has its shortcomings, we hope it will earn the approval of the girls who answered the questionnaire, and we expect that by the time they are editing the magazine it will even be more inspired.

Kathryn Lyall, U. VI.

FIFTH FORM SURVEY

The magazine Editorial Committee decided to explore the popular idea that fifth-formers are so dominated by the 'O' level examination that they have no time for anything else, specifically, contributing to the School Magazine. We interviewed over sixty per cent of the fifth-formers (noticing that the more intelligent of

the interviewees were by far the least co-operative) and our findings were as follows :

The amount of time spent on homework each evening varies from a half to four hours, the overall average was just under two hours, the 'average' girl began to revise for her 'Mocks' three weeks before them and she spent one hour and forty minutes each evening doing so, although twenty-five per cent of those interviewed claimed they did no special revision at all. When asked if the 'Mock' examination was an effective incentive to work 80% replied that it was but the general feeling was that other pressures were stronger, such as a 'social obligation' — "I was the only one in my street to get to Grammar School so they all expect me to be ever so clever" — "It's a waste if you don't get any 'O' levels after your parents have kept you at school" — "The teachers keep on at you".

Most girls realised the importance attached to their first major examination, although 22% is a startlingly high proportion of girls to say the examination did not signify at all. One girl said "It's important because it gets you out of school", but the general feeling, expressed incidentally by a girl in the same form was, "Of course it's important, but it's not the end of the world". When asked about careers 95% said they regarded the 'O' level examination as the first step to something in particular and 50% knew definitely what they wanted to do after leaving school, 30% knew vaguely, 15% were don't knows, and 5% said "don't care as long as it's lucrative !"

The second half of the questions asked were directed towards the more personal angle of being in the fifth year. 27% said that life in the fifth year was not entirely geared to getting good results in the examination at the end of the year and 48% agreed that being in the fifth year had not changed their attitude to work — "I've always worked hard" — "I've always been lazy". Only 17% had no hobbies at all, the rest reckoned to spend 1½ hours each evening on 'hobbies and personal interests'. When asked about parental restrictions on their leisure time activities 25% said they had none—"Why should there be any? It's my life". 70% said they felt the restrictions imposed upon them were both reasonable and necessary and the remaining 5% were very disgruntled — "They're always on to me" — "They only let me go out at weekends but it isn't as if I'd *want* to go out *every* night".

The last question was 'Have the pressures of being in the fifth-year made you feel you could not tolerate another two years at school?' and 30% said that they had. On the whole we found the

fifth-formers had everything clearly in perspective, and that the extremely apathetic element had as little influence on the mass as the extremely exuberant one; the former were insipid rather than inspired and determination was the prevalent quality of the rest.

Kathryn Lyall, U. VI.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

The difficulty of writing an article on this year's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" lies in the knowledge that it must be reasonably short, unless one wants it reduced — or expurgated — beyond recognition.

One could consume pages telling of Puck's various unscripted antics — his numerous changes of footwear on the second night deserving a special mention — of how the Mechanicals' make-up became more bold at every performance progressing from the faintly unkempt countryfolk of the 1st night to the weatherbeaten, heavily-tanned and unshaven characters of the final performance — to say nothing of the anxiety caused by a lost elf or fairy at the last minute.

The most encouraging outcome was that the Girls' Grammar dramatic talent was at last acknowledged by one, "J.M." in the 'Cambridge News'.

It was stimulating to know that we had "caught the swirl and romance of Shakespeare's work" though disappointing to learn that we were not "backing this with the provocative intricacies of the play's love relationships" — this remark was greeted with disapproval from "the lovers" who thought they had managed their more amorous scenes quite successfully and deduced that J.M. could not have realised the difficulties involved.

Then followed some scathing comments on the lighting and scenery, which provoked us, even to our own surprise, to defend vehemently the talents of Mrs. Bott and Miss Shearcroft. But we were soothed by the worthy praise given to the "giggling spontaneity" of the elves and the "robust and vigorous" performance of Bottom.

The article concluded that the weakness of the play was that "the innocent became naive, and the potential villains became softened and subdued in time" but very wisely struck a compromise in adding that "perhaps that, after all, was Shakespeare's intention" and, of course, we all know it was.

Lynne Garrad, U. VI.

H.M.S. PINAFORE

For the first time, the school decided to be adventurous and attempt an opera, — a challenge which requires both actors and singers. We seem to be exceptionally lucky in having certain girls with talent in both fields.

Early in January, rehearsals began under the direction of Miss Crump and had she not had such patience and a marvellous sense of humour we should never have succeeded in finishing "Pinafore". After many rehearsals in the school hall, we trooped down to the A.D.C. Theatre for our first dress rehearsal. The stage was smaller than we had anticipated and the first few scenes were a chaotic mess of 'trodden-on' feet and squashed sailors ! However, practice makes perfect — in most cases — and the first night was a great success. We were very pleased to see Miss Pauley who came back-stage to wish us luck and afterwards congratulate us.

Here we might apologise for any embarrassment caused to the front row of the audience (and the orchestra !) at the finale. Owing to the absence of pockets on the sailors' trousers, we were forced to "raise our shirts" and fish frantically for our handkerchiefs !

Deryck Harvey of the 'Cambridge News' gave us a good write-up in the evening paper with mentions for the principals, whom he said "were well cast". Jane Freeman on the first night unfortunately began to lose her voice but thanks to flasks of raspberry jelly and hot water was perfectly fit for the remaining performances.

On the whole, apart from a few "minor" hitches, Pinafore — if you'll excuse the pun — sailed along, and, provided no one objects violently, we might even do another opera one day.

Jill Narraway, L. VI.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

The first years were invited to write about their first impressions of the school in an essay competition organised by the Magazine Committee. Unfortunately no essay was found to be entirely suitable for the magazine or for the prize offered. Instead a few excerpts from some of the essays have been selected.

'On the zero day, everyone had to be up at crack of dawn...'

'If you start at your own classroom and keep going, you will eventually arrive back at your classroom.'

'You have a pleasant way of teaching us manners such as opening the door for a member of staff, although they're not disabled.'

'It is fun instead of walking, to go to and from school on the bus, as it makes me feel more important.'

'We have not been out on the piece yet ; it has always been raining.'

'The teachers are helpful if you want to know anything.'

'My thoughts on the classrooms were that I'd expected a more modern room and also bigger.'

'Everybody was talking instead of playing games as I'd been used to.'

'Almost too quickly 'Parkside' came into view.'

'Then Mrs. Leech came to speak to us ...'

'It was the first time I had seen a whole school in the same uniform.'

'At lunch time, when the bell went for dinner ...'

'I felt very much in awe of our table-head because she was a third former.'

'I felt very happy and important as I walked out of the school gates.'

NYREE'S SHORT STORY

As Nyree walked past the row of Victorian style houses where she lived, she noticed a gaudily-dressed girl of about her own age stepping out of the last house. Horrified, Nyree looked desperately around her for means of escape, but too late. A loud voice hailed her, and the girl complete with imitation leopard skin coat, black patent leather boots, and red plastic rain-hood tottered towards her. "Why?" groaned Nyree "did I have to meet *her*?"

The girl was known to the majority of the inhabitants of the small sea-side town as the 'Male Snatcher', or to others as Ingrid Huntley-Smith. Nyree knew that during her stay Ingrid would work through every man living in the district, right from the mayor's son to the road-sweeper, and I faced the inevitable conversation with dread.

"Hello" cried Ingrid in an obviously affected voice. "Nyree, my dear, how nice to see you".

Nyree mumbled a word of greeting and something about having to dash to catch a bus into town. "Well, fancy that," replied

Ingrid, "that's just where I was going, *do* let's go together." So saying she grabbed poor Nyree's arm and dragged her towards the bus-stop.

It seemed that it was Nyree's unlucky day. The bus came round the corner just as they reached the stop and they had a clear run into the town centre. What could she do? It looked as if she was stuck with Ingrid for the rest of the morning; so resigning herself to her fate she turned her head to listen to Ingrid's ceaseless chatter.

Suddenly Ingrid stopped in mid-sentence and exclaimed "*Whoever* is that *gorgeous* man over there?" She pointed towards a fair-haired man sitting on the harbour wall, his legs stretched out in front of him. "I simply *must* be introduced to him".

"Oh", said Nyree flatly, "do you really want to?"

"Of course", replied Ingrid and then added, "Why not?"

"Oh, oh, no reason", said Nyree very quietly, "It's just that. . . and she tailed off into silence.

"Tell me", ordered Ingrid, "*tell* me".

"Very well", consented Nyree, "as you *are* my friend . . ."

"That young man", she began "is Russian. He moved here a few weeks ago after seeking political asylum. Naturally it has all been hushed up but he is a terrible British problem.

"He lived in a small village somewhere in the forested region of northern Russia where he learned the art of carving. He became so expert at this craft that he soon became well known and his carvings were set up everywhere. Then disaster struck. He was summoned to appear before a member of the Soviet Republic.

"This man explained to Petrov (the young man) about a secret organisation that was planning to overthrow the present Communist government. He himself was one of the key figures of this organisation, and it was his job to keep all the members (who were scattered all over Russia) informed of the proceedings. His present method of passing messages was becoming too risky, but he had come up with the idea of sending them inside Petrov's carvings. No one would suspect this young peasant and his carvings were often sent all over Russia to various clients. Petrov refused, not understanding politics, but was blackmailed by being told that his family was being held prisoner and would be killed unless he co-operated.

So poor Petrov agreed, having nobody to turn to, and began to make carvings with hollow fingers, or secret compartments, in

which plans, messages or films could be placed.

One year later the plot was discovered and many of the members were put to death. Those who escaped into nearby countries believed that they had been betrayed by Petrov and so sought his life in revenge. The Communist government did not, as yet, know of his connections with the organisation. What could he do? It appeared that the threat used to blackmail him had been carried out, as news reached him of the death of his whole family in an unaccounted-for fire at their home. So, with no friends or family to turn to, Petrov had to flee for his life. He decided that he would be safest in Britain and so he chose the name of Peter Brown and begged political asylum. After much consideration it was granted and Petrov was sent here.

Every day he sits on that wall, gazing out to sea, wondering if he will ever see his beloved Russia again. He has no friends as he still can understand only very simple English, and he is still afraid that at any moment his enemies might again try to kill him. Anyone attempting to be friendly might be confronted with the knife he keeps for protection and so everyone is warned to keep clear of him."

"Poor man", said Ingrid, an expression of horrified sympathy on her face.

"Yes", agreed Nyree with a deep sigh, and they both stood gazing at him. As they did so the man caught sight of them and standing up began to come slowly towards them.

"O-O-Oh dear", wavered Ingrid, "he seems to be coming this way. Do you suppose he might?..."

"I'm not sure", replied Nyree. "He has been known to attack some people, and I suppose we do look rather suspicious; after all we were staring at him".

Ingrid waited to hear no more. Letting out a loud shriek she turned and ran as fast as she could towards the town centre, never once glancing back.

Nyree, however, did not follow suit. Standing still she waited for the man to reach her.

"What got into your friend, Nyree?" he asked with concern.

"Oh nothing," she replied, "she's just a trifle eccentric, that's all."

"Well", he said, shrugging his shoulders, "shall we go and have coffee?"

Ruth Sealy, III, L.

ROMAN SCHOOL DAYS

Valerius awoke. The air was damp and clammy, it was dawn and how he hated it. His Greek paedagogus came in and said, "Must get up, late already". Valerius got up and put on his tunic hastily trying to remember the alphabet that Orbilius, the school-master, had put on his *cera* the day before.

The streets at dawn in Rome were very lively as many boys went to school with slaves carrying their lantern and their books.

Orbilius was in his usual position at the *ianua* of the school chiding late boys. The first thing he did was to place the boys in benches. The boys prepared their *stili*. These were writing sticks flattened at one end for rubbing out and sharp at the other for writing. They looked at their wax writing tablets and showed off the previous day's lesson.

"Now", said Orbilius, "Listen and learn". He read from a scroll from left to right rolling it up as he did so.

"Valerius, recite to me that which I have just read." Valerius made three mistakes and so Orbilius whipped him three times with a birch rod. He could see the expression on his paedagogus' face, one of displeasure. His father would hear of this.

The arithmetic lesson went much better for Valerius. The boys learnt to count on an *abacus* which consisted of beads on a frame.

Orbilius told them to bring up their writing tablets. He wrote something lightly and they wrote it in deeper. Valerius liked doing this and Orbilius praised him for good work—an honour indeed, for praise from Orbilius was rare. Just before it was time to go home Orbilius called him and said, "You have worked well so I will tell you a story of a great war between the Romans and the Barbarians".

The tale went on until mid-day when the boys went home.

When Valerius got home his elder brother Sextus was there. "Oh Sextus," gasped Valerius, "Orbilius told us a wonderful story and ..."

"Valerius, grow up ! Orbilius makes them up".

"He does not !"

"Do not believe all you hear, little brother."

"Oh just because you go to grammar school and learn Greek grammar and poetry you think you are a man. You are not. You have to go and learn *r . . . r . . . rhe . . .*"

"Rhetoric, speech making. Now, now, temper, temper. I am

going to rhetoric ; then I shall stand up and speak in the Senate and all shall hear how great I am."

"Sextus !"

"Oh, sorry father !"

"I should hope so, but we shall have to postpone going to learn rhetoric until we have learnt manners — the essence of a Roman."

As Valerius trotted out of the villa he could not help but feel sorry for Sextus, because, he was in for one of father's "The essence of a good Roman" speeches.

Alison Blacklock, II T.

DAS DING

Hier kommt das Ding.

Was kann es sein ? Ein Zug.

Er ist so gross und schnell und stark,

Und macht ein Chug, Chug, Chug.

So viele Leute stehen da,

Und auch es gibt zwei Koffer.

Jetzt eilen alle und rufen laut

"Der Zug !" und machen ein Geklapper.

Dann steigen alle schnell hinein.

Der Zug fährt langsam weiter.

Was ist das auf dem Bahnsteig stehen ?

Das sind ja die zwei Koffer.

Von Rosumund Burbidge und Jocelyn Tooke, III. S.

LATIN LIMERICK

Erat puer parvus ab Italia

Qui videbat ignem in villa.

"Quam pulcher !" dixit.

Spectare sedit.

Iam non est puer ab Italia.

Lynda Hickling and Nicola Moore, III S.

AN EXCERPT FROM THE UNRECORDED ADVENTURES OF WINNIE-THE-POOH.

Tigger Becomes Famous.

One fine sunny morning Winnie-the-Pooh was just licking round the bottom of a large empty jar labelled "Hunny" when there was a knock at the door. "Oh bother", said Pooh. He opened the door and there was Tigger.

"Oh Pooh ! Do come and look ! I'm famous !" he said, and set off at a brisk trot down the garden path. Pooh cast a longing glance at the larder as he shut the door.

"Hey ! Wait for me !" he called. Tigger didn't, but Pooh followed him, and in a few minutes they were both standing by the road on the far side of Hundred Acres wood. A car was coming along. "Now look at this !" said Tigger. And, sure enough, on the back was a little notice, which said : "I've got a Tigger in my tank" only it was spelt T-i-g-e-r.

"There, you see !" said Tigger "I'm famous".

Pooh wasn't really a selfish little bear, but he sat down on the grass and wondered miserably why that sort of thing never happened to him, and whether all the children would send their fan-mail to Tigger now, as they had done to Andy-Pandy and the Beatles when they became popular.

"Look Tigger !" he said "Are you quite sure it is you ?"

"Who else could it be ?" said Tigger, offended.

"I mean, you don't usually go around in tanks," Pooh went on.

"Oh, that !" said Tigger. "They are just boasting they know me. It's like autographs and all that." "Oh", said Pooh.

Just then another car passed them, and coming from under the bonnet and dangling over the front was a black and yellow-striped tail.

"Ouch ! They've stolen my tail !" Tigger shouted.

"No, they haven't", said Pooh, showing it to him.

"Pooh, you don't suppose," said Tigger, "you don't suppose that there really is a tigger — another tigger — in that tank?"

"I'm afraid so !" said Pooh. "I think it must be a very old sort of car that uses tiggers instead of petrol. That one must have got his tail caught when they shut the bonnet."

"Oh well !" sighed Tigger. "It was lovely while it lasted. Goodbye Pooh !" "Goodbye Tigger !", said Pooh.

Back at home Pooh was just licking round the edges of a

lovely full jar of honey. "That's funny!" he thought "Tiggers must be much too slow. Why ever don't people send them back to the jungle where they belong and change over to petrol".

A. Jude, U. VI,T.

A DIG AT DRAGONBY

The outskirts of Scunthorpe and a hill overlooking a mine and chemical works in particular may not seem the most inspiring place to spend the summer holidays. However, that is exactly where I passed a week of last July. To be more explicit, I went on an archaeological excavation — known as a "dig" for convenience.

I wrote to the Director, J. May, M.A., who offered me an allowance of five pounds for the week. Briefly, that was how I came to be standing in the pouring rain before the imposing Regency Mansion where the excavation had its Headquarters.

We slept in the empty wing of the hall — I shared a room with eight other girls and we ate in a long corridor dubbed "The Alimentary Canal". There was an improvised kitchen, the domain of the Director's wife and the physics student who acted as camp cook, a lecture room and a make-shift library where the zealous studied in the evenings.

There were two professional archaeologists assisting the Director and twenty-five volunteers drawn from all walks of life — a middle-aged woman doctor, a miner, several teachers, an American Olympic swimmer and a Dane. Most of the diggers had just left the Upper VI to go to universities in October and they all had experience of archaeology, but, to my relief, two girls as ignorant as I was arrived on the same day as I did.

The next day an ancient coach took us to the site which was situated in the middle of a mangel-wurzel field on a hill above Scunthorpe. For most of the time I was oblivious of the steel and chemical works below — unless the wind was blowing in the wrong direction! The sulphurous fumes and works' hooters sounding the tea-breaks and change of shift were very remote from the world we were bringing to light after nearly two thousand years in the earth, and reminded us that we were in the twentieth century.

Needless to say, I was not let loose on digging immediately. I spent an arduous first morning heaving buckets of wet clay up a mound of earth to empty them at the top. When I eventually did some excavating of my own, I did not find anything worth mentioning until the very last day when I unearthed parts of a huge

pot. The thrill was quite out of proportion to the importance of my find, but it completely compensated for my disappointment when other people dug up bronze brooches, coins, a human skull and perfect pots. There was also a mud hole twelve feet deep which produced a quern or stone handmill and a complete cow's skeleton! Another feature of the site was a complicated system of ditches and two lines of post holes which were all that remained of an Iron Age dwelling.

On the last night of the dig we had a farewell folk-singing session sitting on the great stairs in the Hall. The music became sadder and sadder as time went on, until the assembly dispersed in tears!

One more night on flimsy, freezing camp bed, one more missed breakfast and then it was all over until next year.

Helen Pask, U. VI, T.

THE NIGHTMARE

It was the night before we were to have our Geography and History examinations. I lay in bed feeling very worried, and trying to remember what I had learnt. "Now let me see. The highest mountain in New Zealand is Mount Cook. Is that right I wonder? How cold it is; I just can't get warm. Perhaps counting sheep will help. One, two, three, four, five. Where's the sixth one?

Whoever are those people coming towards me? They have got camels pulling what look like chariots. Oh goodness, they are Romans. Help! Where shall I hide? Oh dear, they have seen me, I had better run for it. They are gaining on me, it is no good, I am going to be caught. Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh. Someone has caught my arm; it is a Roman general, and he is saying something. How odd, I thought Romans talked in Italian, but I can understand every word he is saying. He is asking me the way to Darwin, but I don't know the way, and he is getting impatient. Ah, I know now, but where have all those Romans and their camels and chariots gone?

Whatever is that over there? It looks like a Roman building. And look at that straight road, surely the Romans built those. Here come those Romans again. They are coming straight for me. Help! They are taking me with them towards that building. I believe it is one of those Roman arenas where they used to put people in with the lions. I wonder what they will do with me. How odd, they are giving me a spear and taking me towards a door — I won-

der what that notice says ? Oh, it says "Gladiators' Entrance". You can't throw me in with the lions. Listen to that crowd, how they shout. That lion is enormous ; I will never be able to defend myself against him. Here he comes, now what shall I do ? Stab him with the spear, or run away. Oh ! I have fallen over ; now the lion will get me. Where is he ? There he is over there, but he is changing into something else — a duck-billed platypus, but he is still roaring. How funny he looks, I cannot help laughing . . . Oh ! now where am I ? I am on an Australian sheep farm. But surely that wooden building is a Saxon hall, and a feast is being held. I wonder if I could join in. Perhaps they would let me play a lute or sing. Ah ! the Lord is asking me if I can do anything to entertain them. Yes, I can sing, and I think I can play a lute. Here comes someone with a lute for me, what shall I play ? I know, I will make up a tune. Oh dear, it does not sound very pleasant, and everyone is getting angry. Bother, I have broken the strings, I had better run for it . . .

Now where shall I go ? I wonder where Mount Egmont is ? That looks like it over there. Whatever is happening ? The ground is shaking, and it looks as if Mount Egmont is on fire. It is erupting ! I thought it was extinct. Help ! I have tripped over a log, now I will surely be caught by the lava as it comes down the mountain. Help !

Oh, Mother, what a relief to see you ! It must have been you shaking me that made the ground shake. I have had an awful dream ; I am relieved that it did not really happen.

Susan Bottle, I. P.

DARKNESS

The Darkness
Is ignorance,
Is envy,
Is suspicion ;
And the stench of decay
Is heavy on the land.
Man's heart is hate ;
His truth, lies ; his hope, fear.

The ominous winds
Whipped their warning . . .
But the darkness hears
Them not.

The Darkness
Is greed,
Is gluttony,
Is power ;
And the ground is
Damp with the water of death.
Man's soul is empty ;
His charity lost ; his faith forgotten.
The light is sent to
Redeem . . .
But "the darkness grasps
It not."

Jennie Biggs, IV, L.

THAT SUMMER EVENING

As Lady Ranelagh crept hurriedly past the library, for she was late for dinner, she could hear Lord Ranelagh humming to himself. She had one foot on the stair, when the library door opened and Roland Ranelagh stood framed in the doorway.

"Mama was unwell", explained Louisa apologetically.

"Yes, of course", replied Roland. "Could you spare me a minute of your time, Louisa?"

"Well, I am in rather a hurry..." began Louisa. However, upon looking closely, she noticed just one faint crease in my lord's brow. Knowing the significance of the merest alteration of Lord Ranelagh's usually placid countenance, she followed him meekly into the library. On his desk she noticed some official-looking papers.

"I just wondered what you had to say about these." He handed her some bills. "One hundred and seventy pounds for one pair of shoes?"

"Well, they had emeralds in the heels and a ruby clasp at the front."

"So I imagined," said Roland, though not unkindly.

"Try not to be too wildly extravagant, Louisa."

"Yes, Roland, I will try."

Lord Ranelagh smiled. Louisa always tried not to be extravagant, but did not succeed very well.

"Now, if that is all, I really must hurry. Lord Wyndham will be coming at seven o'clock to take me to the ridotto at Manderton."

Roland winced inwardly. His marriage with Louisa had been strictly one of convenience, and they had agreed not to interfere with one another, but *ridottos* were hardly the right affairs to be attended by young ladies with the good name of Ranelagh to uphold; and when his bitterest enemy was accompanying her, it was too much. Besides he had grown fond of his naive and indiscreet young wife, fifteen years his junior, and his concern grew as he realised she was attracted to a ruthless gambler with the reputation of a renegade and the scruples of a savage. He moved towards her and placed his hands on her shoulders. "Lou, my love, you know I would rather have you not go to this *ridotto*, especially with . . . that . . . man."

Louisa turned away. "I know that, Roland. But you did promise you would not stop me."

After a silent dinner Louisa set off to Manderton. An hour later, having put on a mask and domino, Roland set off towards Manderton. When he arrived he looked around for Louisa but could not see her anywhere. It then occurred to him that if she was playing piquet, she might have the discretion to choose a private room. He strolled along past some French windows and saw two people playing cards; he recognised Louisa under her red domino and saw the hard cruel lips of Wyndham. Roland heard Louisa say, "You have won, my lord". She took some scissors out of her reticule, and with a shaking hand gave them to Lord Wyndham. She allowed him to cut a powdered lock of her hair. Roland Ranelagh's heart burned with indignation, but he curbed his anger as he heard Louisa say, "Oh, my hair is disarranged now, my lord, I must go and set it to rights." She hurried out of the room and Wyndham sprawled in a chair looking at the lock of hair he had won. Ranelagh flung wide the French windows and strode into the room.

"That lock of hair, Wyndham. I want that lock of hair."

"Then fight for it!" cried Wyndham, drawing his sword.

As they faced each other they could each feel the hatred of many years welling up inside them. Their swords flashed in a brief salute and there was a ring as steel clashed with steel. Their eyes were on each other, their breathing came quick and hard, and their stockinged feet thudded as they shifted on the bare boards.

Wyndham lunged, but Ranelagh parried the stroke. Wyndham continued to make the attack, but met nothing but Ranelagh's sword.

The fight continued relentlessly. It was a warm July evening and the sweat poured from Wyndham's forehead into his eyes. He

could not wipe his brow in case in that second's blindness he should be killed. He was beginning to tire. Then, as he lifted his arm, he saw Ranelagh's sword flashing towards his heart. It pierced his shoulder and he staggered backwards.

Ranelagh threw down his sword and strode over to him. He took out Wyndham's handkerchief, and gently tied it round his shoulder with a pad made from the tablecloth. "It's a deep wound. I'll fetch a doctor."

As Ranelagh came out he saw Louisa on a chaise-longue looking very pale, while someone was waving a vinaigrette under her nose.

Half an hour later they were riding slowly back to their home. They had Wyndham in their carriage. He was looking better now and they delivered him to his house. "Take care of yourself, Robert," said Ranelagh. Wyndham smiled as the footman helped him indoors.

As they set off again, Louisa said, "I'm sorry I was so silly, Roland." He took hold of her hand and their eyes met as he said, "I know and I forgive you, my love."

He had forgotten about the lock of hair, but who cared?

Kathleen Yarrow, V.L.

HALLOWE'EN

"Hallowe'en" creates thoughts,

It spurs imagination,

And dusts and restores childish memories, lost in hibernation,

Of the buoyancy of floating apples

In the cold insensible grey tub,

And infants' teeth rippling the surface and piercing the sleek, slushed curves, the dangling, dripping hair and pealing laughter.

Fools ! For superstition is awareness of hellfire, and Hallowe'en is inky blackness, the eerie light of the frightened moon veiled in dusk, giving birth to sinister shadows, creeping, wicked forms.

Incomprehensible to fearful men,

Which flit through nightmares, and inject their evil substance into scheming hearts.

The imaginations of men have formed the black-draped hag, symbolic of all weird, devilish beings and deformed goblins jeering at men trembling in the ghastly realisation of their hopelessly puny faith and insecure souls, the symptom of Satan's presence.

In the vivid, livid glare of cruel, vengeful flames, the hellish

gleam of demon eyes chilled men's spines.

Only the tawny owl,

Who inherited the spilt wisdom of Archimedes, acknowledges through luminous globes the dim horrors lurking on the dark, dark earth, with cruel, torturing intelligence,

Grimly waiting

Alison Muhr, III, L.

MY MAGIC BESOM

I am a witch. I am a very happy witch, for I have just bought a Magic Besom. It cost me two books of "Spellbind Stamps". It also cost me a couple of bruises, bumps, scratches and two or three bites from landing on a wild cat's litter of kittens ! But you see, to reach the "Spellbind Gift Shop" I had to travel over rather a lot of trees, and, as my old besom was in rather a bad state of repair, and as I have not yet passed my Besom Driving Test, and as I am only a Learner Witch, I could not repair it myself. I fear I would make rather a mess of it if I did try ! So as you can imagine. I got quite a bashing on the way.

However, now I have my new besom I am to go on a journey with some of the old, or rather, older witches of our group. My job will be to carry the spellbooks. There will be six, and I think that they will be rather heavy, but the Head Witch says that if I cast the right spell, I can make them light enough to carry.

So today I joined the other witches at the base and cast a spell on the books. After saying the magic word, I climbed on to my besom, but when I tried to take off, I found that nothing happened. One of the older witches came back on discovering I had been left behind, and asked me whether I wanted to come or not. Well, of course I wanted to go with them, and I tried to explain to her that my besom wouldn't work. But she kept on saying that if I didn't want to come all I had to do was say so, and not have to pretend that my besom wouldn't work ! I ask you ! By this time all the other witches had crowded round and were all talking to each other, wondering what had gone wrong, when the Head Witch came forward, demanding silence. Immediately, everyone broke off and looked at me. I must admit, I felt terribly shy and looked rather sheepish, but the Head Witch looked at me kindly and said quietly, but as if it was the last straw :

"My dear, of course your besom works, you've cast the wrong

spell again and made the spellbooks heavy instead of light ! They are weighing your besom down !”

Well, you can imagine my sheepish look then, and the fact that everyone was gasping and talking and staring all at once, made it even worse ! But the Head Witch once more ordered silence, cast the right spell on the books and took off. Everyone else followed soberly, including myself, this time.

After about five minutes of travelling through the still, cool air, I found myself being whisked back to Base ! I could do nothing to control my besom ! It—it just flew, and seemed to do the return journey in two minutes instead of five ! It also performed a vertical landing, which has never been done on a besom before ! I was also quite astonished when the besom stood up, produced a face and said, “Thank you for looking after me. Now I must return to the Witch Superior, to whom I belong !” And with that he just flew away. I saw no more of him, thank goodness.

I decided to take the opportunity of having the place to myself and practise some spells. Unfortunately, the Head Witch returned without notice and I was sent to Coventry until the mess was cleared up !

Carolyn Cooksey, II, T.

HALLOWE'EN

It was on that night that the witches flew,
The cats howled and the wind blew,
The rain poured down and the lightning flashed,
The heavens opened and the thunder clashed.

Across the skies the witches fled,
Over the rooftops the witches sped,
Chasing the owls and the bats through the sky,
Curses upon them, soon they must die.

But the owls and the bats as the dawn came through,
Turned on the witches with courage new,
The witches shrivelled and shrank at the light,
Another battle was won that night.

Elizabeth Bonus, III, L.

STORIES OF ESSEX WITCHCRAFT

At one time, possession of a tame animal, whether wild or domestic, practically labelled one as a witch. To be old and unwanted as well as owning one of these pets almost sealed one's death warrant. Essex is especially proud of its witches, and its older inhabitants have many tales to relate concerning these creatures.

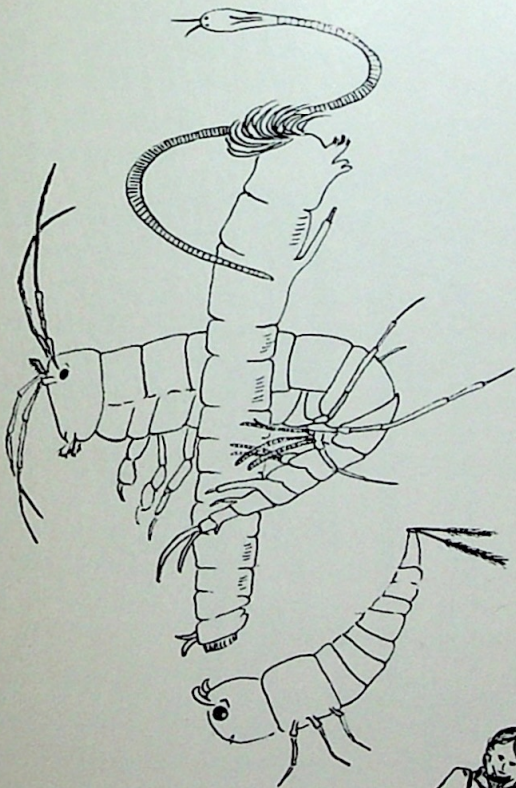
In the village of Latchingdon lived old witch Hart, one of a family of witches greatly feared in those parts. Centuries ago, one of the Hart witches stole a bell from Latchingdon church and tried to cross to the far side of the river with it, only to be upset by a storm and drowned in the river below Canewdon. People claimed that on a stormy night, the sound of the bell could be heard solemnly tolling beneath the waters of the Crouch.

The last witch Hart, who is still remembered at Latchingdon, lived just outside the village, by Deadway Bridge, about 100 years ago. Her cottage was believed to have been filled with witches' imps, which made the area round about rather unpopular after dark. One night a man was passing the cottage on horseback when he saw a great army of little animals with red, fiery eyes. He lashed his horse and tore away at high speed, but the creatures haunted him till his dying day.

Fanny Bird, of Ostend, near Burnham, was harmless as long as no one argued with her. A man once refused to give way to her in argument and she left him with the words, "You look out ! I'll see you get home wetter than you started off today". The man laughed, but he fell into a pond on his way home and was almost drowned. When he returned home, he met the old hag, who was cackling with laughter.

Another old witch lived at Tillingham. She was brewing spells one day when a spell misfired and a sheet of lightning came down and set her foot on fire. People believed this to be the explanation of her club foot, which, together with her husband's withered arm, hallmarked her as a witch.

Old Leigh possessed a sea witch in the 1850's. Mother Moore was a fearsome old woman and seamen dreaded seeing her near the water. In 1870 a skipper passed old Mother Moore on the quayside, and as he passed she shouted out "Buy a fair wind!", as was her custom, but instead of throwing her a coin as others did, he just laughed and boarded his boat. The boat had not been long at sea when the sky suddenly became black and a sudden calm stilled the waters. Even the skipper grew apprehensive. A sailor



Field Week at
Flatford, 1965.

The Inhabitants

The Invaders



By Susan Sutton, Upper VI, T.



TEMPLE OF MINERVA

Susan G. Hutton

Taken from a photograph by Julia Thornely and Christine Doggett
of their trip to Rome sponsored by the Rotary Club.

suddenly cried, "The witch ! The witch !" and immediately the storm broke. The boat keeled over on her side. The skipper suddenly picked up an axe crying "I'll kill the witch!" and began to hack at the bows of the boat. The storm ceased on the third blow and the boat headed for home. On arrival at Leigh, the crew found the body of old Mother Moore, red with the blood of three great gashes in her head, slumped over the quay, killed by a magic mightier than her own.

During the 17th century, it was customary to bury a witch in unconsecrated ground with her head pointing towards the north. She was tightly bound and had her bones riveted so that she might not rise from the dead, a fact which has been proved by the discovery of two skeletons at St. Osyth.

Many tales of Essex witches have been told by old-time country labourers. Ridiculous as these tales may seem to us, to these country people there was nothing in them to be doubted. It must be remembered that before the 1870's, most of these people were quite illiterate. Once schools were introduced to rural areas, belief in magic and witchcraft gradually disappeared.

Julie Victory, L. VI.R.

A DAY OF TRIUMPH

The race was about to start and Christophus was very nervous and uneasy. He began to think back over the past years and wonder if all that had happened to him had been just a bad dream. He remembered how the Roman legions had landed in England and taken many prisoners back to Rome. Many Britons were made house slaves but he, Christophus, had been chosen as a gladiator because of his fine physique and stalwart character. He had trained hard and was chosen by a noble to become his charioteer. Within two years Christophus had risen to become a champion of many races. This gladdened his heart but he also felt the sorrow of loss, the loss of his beloved brother who had been killed by Gaius, the cruel and hated champion charioteer of the Emperor Nero.

A few weeks before, Christophus had heard that a race was to be held at the great arena of the Emperor Nero. The race was to be between all the champion charioteers of the nobles. The winner of the contest would then challenge Gaius for the right to be the Emperor Nero's champion. Christophus was very glad that he had been entered.

Soon preparations for the great event made the excitement mount steadily. A new chariot had been made for Christophus. The wheels were made from oak and the chariot from light balsa wood. The chariot was varnished and decorated with good luck charms. Sharp pieces of metal had been fastened onto the hubs of the wheels to bore into the wheels of opposing chariots. Trappings and harnesses had been made of the finest leather and painted in brilliant colours. Every day Christophus had trained in the great arena urging on his fiery stallions to their utmost speeds. He had scrutinized the other competitors and watched them with a critical eye.

Finally the day of the contest arrived. Christophus had won his first race easily and no-one had been hurt — he was glad of this as he hated bloodshed and unfair play. The next race was between the four winners of the first contests. This race had not been so easy but, spurred on by the lust for power and revenge over Gaius, Christopher burst through the closing line with super-human energy and gained the finishing post seconds before any of his opponents. The crowd had risen at this and had shouted and clapped and even Nero had smiled.

Now here was Christophus, young and strong, but, as he knew, almost dead. He knew that no opponent had ever left the arena alive after competing with Gaius. He knew that Gaius had obtained his position by unfair means and that the next race was a race to the death, it was he or Gaius.

Gaius drove his chariot down the great ramps of the arena amid shouts and cheers. He bowed to Nero and then turned to Christophus and arrogantly nodded, showing his disdain with a curt smile at the people nearest him. Christophus could hear his heart thumping but he showed no sign of fear. The heralds raised their trumpets and the shrill sound echoed round the arena. All was silent. The two chariots moved towards the starting line. Nero stood up and lifted his hand high above his head. Quickly it came down and Gaius was off at a quick gallop. Christophus had not expected so sudden a movement and he was two seconds behind Gaius. Gaius gained the upper hand by swerving in front of Christophus into the inside lane, as the champion always had to start on the outside lane. Christophus had to stop suddenly and rein in his horses to avoid a collision. The crowd roared and jumped out of their seats, Christophus spurred on his horses to a furious gallop that brought the two chariots to the same level as they rounded the last bend. The finishing line was in sight now. Every muscle in Christopher's body was tense as they turned into

the finishing straight. Now Christophus could see the wily profile of Gaius and he remembered the death of his brother when Gaius had ridden him down to win a race that was not so very important. This spurred Christophus on and his leading horses were at least a neck ahead of Gaius' when he felt something rocking the chariot ; it was Gaius' metal on his wheels. He spurred the horses on and then suddenly reined them in so that Gaius went on ahead. Then he approached Gaius' chariot from a sideways angle and caught Gaius' wheel on the metal of his wheel. Gaius' wheel immediately split in two and Gaius was thrown into the path of Christophus' chariot. Christophus could not rein his horses in soon enough and, as he sped over the finishing line, he heard a choked scream come from under his horses' hooves. The crowd roared and cheered and other charioteers congratulated him on his triumph.

"This is certainly your day of triumph", said one. Then Christophus left the crowd and turned back to where the solitary figure of Gaius lay. He ran towards the limp figure and found that he was still alive, although nobody else seemed to care any more. Gaius smiled weakly up at him and Christophus knelt down beside him so that he could hear what he was whispering.

"I have dreaded this day", he said, "but now I am glad that it is all over. Now it is your turn to fear every race, thinking that you will lose and fall out of favour and be executed or die a death in the arena. Now you will resort to treachery. But I am free at last..." Christophus stood up and all at once he felt sick inside ; the smile of revenge died on his lips. A day of triumph, yes, but for whom ?

Josephine Sheldrick, IV, L.

THE LESSON

Where I was dead, you taught me to live ;
Where I was aloof, compassion.
Where I was bound, you showed me freedom ;
And where I was shy, aggression.
Where I was weak, you gave me strength ;
And where I was lost, a mission.
Where I was cold, you taught me warmth ;
Where I was confused, direction.

You taught me respect and meekness and love,
And when I had learned my lessons well,
I gave you my soul, and you rejected it.

Jennie Biggs, IV, L.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES EXPOSED

To those of you struggling with the decision of whether or not to try for University, perhaps I can offer a little comic relief by describing some aspects of American university education.

The first thing to remember is that in America, "going to college (i.e. university)" in itself has very little significance; very nearly a third of us between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two are undergoing some form of higher education.

The problem of getting into college, *as with you*, starts years ahead. Around the age of 12, or thereabouts, children start hearing frantic cries of "If your marks don't improve, you'll never get into college!" There is always the spectre of the admissions committees, years later, scrutinising every aspect of your school life. There is your academic record; your teachers' lengthy comments; any significant contributions *or otherwise* you may have made to your school life. And, increasingly, many colleges are looking for the "well-rounded students", which means you had better have been president of at least five different clubs, an enthusiastic committee member, and an active participant in sports, among other things... But probably the most important single factor is the result of the "College Boards". Having endured the horrors of the G.C.E. as well as these, I think that the Boards are preferable for one reason: they cannot be studied for. This puts an atmosphere of fatalism on the whole thing, and so produces a lot less tension. The test, a nationally standardised product, is divided into two main parts — The Scholastic Aptitude Test and the Achievement Tests. The former is divided into two parts, English and Maths.; the point is to give you facts and see how you reason with them, rather than to test your memory or your ability to write. And you may take three Achievements in any subjects you have studied; only, *surveys prove*, the tests themselves cannot be studied for because they cover so many aspects of the subjects. The form of the question is always the same: sometimes a problem or a passage is set, then short questions are asked, each supplied with four possible answers. It is the student's job to select the correct

one and mark it down : I'm sure that you, with your training in essay writing, are horrified, but it is really far harder than it sounds. For final admission requirements, there usually must be letters of reference and an interview, a spine-chilling affair which is never the promised "mutual exchange of relevant information."

While the student is worrying about how to get into college, the parents are worried about where to send him. Perhaps you have heard about our "Ivy League"; just as some of you think of your universities as being "Oxbridge and Redbrick", so some of us think of ours as "Ivy League and Elsewhere". The Ivy League is a small group of very old, academically first-rate, "socially superior" colleges, notably Harvard, Yale and Princeton; to have a child there represents the sum of many parents' hopes. Therefore, we have a situation whereby competition for these and about fifty other 'big-name' colleges is murderous, while *literally* thousands of perfectly good places cannot fill their classes . . .

Once accepted, at least four years' strain is suddenly broken. But when enrolled, the work is tough. My father, who has reason to know the Arts side of English and American education rather well, insists that our arts undergraduates work harder than yours. And as most of the English ones I knew generally had little to do but write one essay a week, I rather agree . . . Our classes are compulsory, and there are no tutorials but rather discussion sections, with papers assigned frequently and two *huge* exams a year. Students must take five subjects during each of their four years, and fill a large quota of science subjects if "majoring" an arts subject, and vice versa. But the social life is generally fairly good; in fact, sociologists have been known to give the American university the name of the "marriage market". Even for the institutions that are co-educational, *let alone those that aren't*, there are frequent mixers (get-together dances), with buses importing students from miles around. Most places provide excellent athletic programmes, concerts, lectures, and film series, plays, forums, and clubs for every imaginable activity.

So, if a symbol had to be drawn to express American college life, it would probably be an emblem of a boy and girl sitting by a brook and holding hands. They would be reading Kirkegaard, with a beer bottle close by, and sunlight and the Muses diffusing through the trees onto their hair and the sports car in the background.

Elizabeth Tillinghast, V.L. — 1963-4.



Winning Entry in Art Competition.



Second in Art Competition. Julie Victory, Lower VI, R.

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